RECAPTURED WASHINGTON.

the Democrate Evacuated the City-WASHINGTON, March 16, 1889 .- The old régime is gone; the new regime is here. Political

birds are fluttering, and spring is here, This retrospect is written seven days after the adjournment of the Fiftieth Congress. That body was fairly wept out of existence. It began to rain on March 2, and it poured steadily until President Harrison was permanently located in the White House. During the night sessions of Saturday and Sunday the regurgitation was at its height. These sessions did not close until long after midnight. Horse cars had stopped running, and there were no carriages upon the plaza. Most of the members of the House walked home in pelting storms. At least an eighth of them are suffering from influenza. Poor Dick Townshend is dead from preumonia: Gen. Spinola, Timothy J. Campbell. Gen. Runy Lee, and James Buchanan have barely escaped death.

The wet weather and reports of the illness of arious members had a depressing effect when the hour of final parting came. Representatives began to bid each other good-by a day or two before the adjournment. When the Speaker's gavel fell for the last time, those present rushed to the Senate chamber to witness the scenes and ceremonies attending the inauguration of a new Administration. Very few joined the procession to the great platform in the open air beyond the portico of the Cap-itol. The atmosphere in the senate chamber had been stifling. The corridors and rotunda were swept by chilly draughts, and the rain outside was pouring stendily. The platform itself was almost deserted. Probably 150 persons surrounded Gen. Harrison when he delivered his inaugural address. The collar of his overcoat was turned over his ears, and he wore his silk hat while speaking. Dripping umbrellas hid him from the view of all but those within fifteen feet. Greenough's statue of Washington beyond the plaza was housed, and the trees and shrubbery in the park were lost in the misty lines of rain.

Not more than a dozen members of the House heard the inaugural eddress. When they returned to their chamber they found it deserted. The outer doors were closed and locked. The only entrance was through the green-baige doors of the Speaker's lobby. The galleries were empty. The green carpet was littered with the debris of the fight over the Appropriation bills. There were no pages in sight. The ivory gavel, used by Speaker Carlisle for the last six years, was missing, and one of the doorkeepers was searching for it. The great silver mace had been borne in safety to the office of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Some one had left a broken cane in its slot upon the malachite pedestal. The festooned flag back of the Speaker's desk looked soiled and worn. There was no life in the outstretched wings of the gilt engle above it. The great paintings of Washington and Lafayetto presented a mouraful appearance. The eyes of the Father of his Country seemed to be fastened upon the desk of the late Gen. Burnes of Missouri. Those of the French Marquis were turned toward the seat of the lamented Moffett, a dead and buried Representative from Michigan. The House barbers had gone home, and there was no flame to the eigar lighters within the cloak rooms. The entire House wing of the Capitol seemed lifeless. The elevators had stopped running. A few members were closing their accounts in the room of the Sergeant-at-Arms. The restaurant on the lower floor was brilliantly lighted. Its tables were surrounded by Congressmen and others chilled in and by the inaugural ceremonies. Col. Sam Donelson stood at the eight stand, bidding adieu to Republican and Democrat. Many a parting glass was drained. The Texan quaffed Godspeed to the Maine Yankee, and the Floridian touched tumblers with the member from Oregon.

Columns of troops wet to the skin were march-ing past the Capitol. The rain was still falling beavily. Cannons were thundering, and the music of more than a hundred brass bands penetrated the dank and misty atmosphere. From the back of the great marble temple the shouts of a hundred thousand persons lining Pennsylvania avenue could be heard. Had the day been clear, the sight would have been magnificent. As it was, everything was enveloped in Darkness came before the last platoon passed the White House. The streets remained thronged with sodden sightseers. Restaurants. saloons, barber shops, and politicians were overflowing. The side streets were filled with bands and uniformed soldiers. Scotch pipers eccompanying the Cameron Legion, stood in front of its headquarters filling the air with the melancholy wail of "MacPherson's Lament." All night long was the uproar continued. Rivulets filled the streets leading to Pennsylvania avenue. The asphalt pavement of the avenue itself was dotted with great puddles reflecting the glow of electric lights. Its buildings were hidden in soggy and dripping bunting. The air was a jargon of sounds. Fifty thousand delighted Republicans were screaming and singing. The words "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine," were again heard in hotel corridors, and the strains of the "Boulanger March" filled every quarter of the city. Men

made merry their misery with shouts and strange noises. It was a saturnalia worthy of Pagan Rome. Nor did the tumultuous noises cease with the break of day. Fresh bands pierced the air with martial music. The avenue was pucked as it has not been packed since the noted Bull Run panic. Two hundred thousand people were to be funnelled to their homes. The funnel, however, was extremely small. At least 10,000 persons surrounded the depots seeking special trains, eager to escape from the water-soaked city. Throughout the day the crush continued. The rain had ceased, but the sky was banked with chilly clouds, and glimpses of the sun were

not had until the afternoon. About 1 o'clock I went to the Capitol. While on the way I met Secretary Pruden returning to the White House. He was in a closed carriage. He had taken to the Senate the first message from President Harrison. It contained the names of the new Cabinet Ministers. Bofore I reached the Capitol the most of the non-inations had been confirmed. The Senate ving of the building was again thronged. The House wing remained in wretchedness. A score or more of members had found entrance to the chamber through the Speaker's lobby. They sat at their desks writing letters and exchanging sorrowful farewells. Some cleared out their desks, and pitched piles of Congressional Records, calendars, bills, and reports, into the aisles. The autograph hunter was there in ail his glory. Silver Dollar Bland sat in his seat putting the finishing touches to his correspondence. Senator Buckalew was apparently still tinkering at legislation. He sent a boy to the Congressional library for a rare volume. Gov. McCreary stood hat in hand takhis friends. John H. Moffitt eat in his seat as unconcerned as shough the House was still in session. Joe Washington of Tennessee was retailing the story of his encounter with a Senate employee. Two watch dogs were still on guard. Both were from lowa. One was A. R. Anderson and the other Daniel Kerr. It was with sincere regret that retiring members bade them adieu. Many a bill, worthy and otherwise, had been killed by their annoying obstinacy; yet no one bore them malice. Their rugged sense of duty was acknowledged by all. Dislike had given place to admiration, and they had endeared themselves to those they had antagonized. The versatile Taulbee, silent Archie Bliss, the flery Boutelle, the persistent Crisp, pugnacious Grosvenor, and the genial Asher G. Caruth. whose rabbit's foot had not saved him from rhoumatism, were there shaking the parting hand. Rotund Sowden, whose diamond shone as brightly as ever despite the failure of his Allentown bill, and handsome Gibson, with West Point bearing and demeanor, were still attracting the eyes of the ladies. Pages were

tucked them away as carelessly as though they were waste paper. Others drew four or five ten dollar notes, shoved them into old-fash-ioned pocketbooks, and buttoned them in their inside pockets as though they never expected to see another dollar in the world. The olding room and the document room were filled with members giving final directions as to the disposition of their Government publications. Sam Donelson remained in tearful glory at the eigar stand in the restaurant. The last ruck of members were paying their checks, and drowning their regrets in his Old Pepper whiskey. By 4 o'clock the House wing of the Capitol was deserted by all save Capt. Jake Kennedy, a noted guide who convoyed select parties of visitors through its gloomy corridors. Gradually Democratic members left the city.

President Cleveland disappeared on Tuesday. Only one member of the House bade him adieu as he rolled away from the Baltimore and Ohio depot. That member was William Me-Adoc of New Jersey. He fittingly represented the only Northern State that gave Grover Cleveland an increased majority last fall. Sec-rotary Whitney left on Thursday. Don Dickinson preceded the Fresident in his flight. Night and day thereafter, outgoing trains were filled with departing Democrats. As I write not more than thirty of them remain in the city. One of the thirty is cold in death. Three others are recovering from severe attacks. A

fifth is hobbling around the city on crutches. The old regime has gone. The new regime is dawning. Its advent is shown by the eager crowd of strangers in hotel lobbies. Hepublican members are still here quarrelling and snarling over the store of bones in the White House. A new and disturbing political element has appeared. It is found in gorgeous barrooms and in the most select restaurants. It has the skin of Euclid and of Hannibal, but hardly their ability. It is dressed in broadcloth, and it wears ties that ought to delight even an Ingalls. The occasional glint of a diamond is seen. This element comes from the South and it is rampant for recognition when the offices are distributed. The great Black Douglass, said to be worth over \$250,000, is at

its head with platter extended. A second political element attracts fully as much attention. It is composed of men who were buried under the scandals attending former Republican Administrations. They have erawled from their holes like snakes in spring time, and are basking in the sunlight of the new administration. If report is true, all these reptiles will return to their holes. President Harrison is said to have a list of those who threw discredit upon Grant and Hayes, and this list will be consulted whenever an appointment is made. Amos J. Cummings,

AN ADVENTURE WITH THE MOLLIES. Two Newspaper Men at Close Quarters With the Desperadoes,

SCRANTON, March 16 .- "That was an interesting page of reporters' experiences in the Sunday Sun a while ago," said an old coal region newspaper man to the writer this week. "and I enjoyed reading them very much, because they reminded me of a few ticklish times that I have had myself while I was looking for news. I was running a weekly paper of my own when the Mollie Magnires were in their prime, and, of course, I didn't have to take orders from anybody when I went out in search of information about the conduct of the Mollies or anything else. Every week or so I mercilessly lampooned the Mollies through the columns of my paper, and the consequence was that every bloody Molly Maguire in that section hated me and my paper. Every little while they sent me anonymous letters with poorly drawn diagrams of coilins, skulls, and cross-bones on the bottoms and margins of the sheets. One day in November a reporter from Philadelphia came into my sauctum, handed me his card, and asked me if I could not make it convenient to show him around among the haunts of some of the very worse Mollies in that re-He was a tall, muscular, good-natured man of about 27 or 28, and he said that he wanted to see a few wratched cowards that were known to be representative Molly Maguires, visit the localities where some of them

wanted to see a few wretched cowards that were known to be representative Molly Maguires, visit the localities where some of them lived, and get a general idea of their modes of doing things. That was before Frankin B. Gowen had tightened the screws on the Molies, and previous to the time that Detective MaParlan had been set to work to unearth the chief criminals. The reporter showed me his credentials, and satisfied me that he was all right, and the next morning I hired a one-horse livery rig, and we started out.

"He had never been in that section before, and he was enthusiastic over the ride and the rugged scenery round about. The ground was frozen hard and the air was criss and bracing. Each of us carried a good six-shooter in our right-hand overcast pocket, and we had a box of cartridges apiece. I drove my newspaper companion through several little mining sottlements, and here and there where I knew that more or less of the Molies bung out and, as the day was a sunshiny one, and nearly all the mines were idle around there, he had a chance to see a good many tough faces of men who were getting the benefit of the sunshine as they lounged on the doorsteps and leaned against the fences.

"On our way back to the village I drove through a narrow alloy, on each side of which there were miners' shantles. At one paint there was a crowd of tough-looking chans loating in the roadway. They were fellows of 18 or 20 years of age, and as the buggy mproached the group separated and stood in rows close to the waron track. There were sighteen or twenty of them, and I saw that the most of them were Molles. All of them had sticks in their hands. Het the horse jog along on a dog trot as we came to the group, and then I touched him with the whin and he went through the cipen ranks on a pretty good trot. Just then a low-browed villain on the left side of the buggy stuck a stick through the front wheel and broke a spoke, a piece of which lew up and hit my companions revolver fashed in the sundight, and they could be such the repo

formation we could, which wasn't half as much as we wanted.

"On our way back to where we had left the rig we had to go through a plees of woods. It was just about sindown when we reached the woodland. We hadn't had anything to eat since morning, and we were hungry, tired, and a little cross. It was down hill through the woods, and we were making pretty good headway, when all at once we heard footsteps behind us, and then stones began to fly our way. One of the stones hit my companion on the calf of his right leg, and we both jumped behind trees and pulled out our revolvers. Several rods up the hill there were three murderons looking devils hurling stenes at us, and my companion stepped from behind the tree, fired twice at them, and then jumped back. Two of the ruillans then began to fire pistols at us, and I thought my friend had made a mistake in shooting at them, for I expected they would kill us. I saw him replace the cartridges as coolly as though it was a common thing, and them he leaned out a little and banged away at them three times, two of them continuing to fire at us.

"I was ready to stand my ground if they

then the leaned out a fittle and canged away as them three times, two of them continuing to fire at us.

"I was ready to stand my ground if they came any nearer, but just then they stopped shooting, and began to swear like pirates, and one of the three grouned. I told the reporter that we had better run down the bill, and, as we darted from behind the trees, we looked back and saw two of the scoundrels lugging the third one toward the top, and we didn't wait to see any more. The two yeiled and swore all sorts of vengennee on us as we put for the clearing. As we dashed along the reporter said: "Well, I couldn't help it under the circumstances, but I think I had better take the first train out to-night. There was no train out until the next morning, and the reporter sent his despatch from there, and stayed all night at my house, leaving next morning."

A Long Liver. From the Lewiston Journal.

receiving donceurs for unremitting attentions. Nor were the barbers and the attendants in the closk rooms forgotten. All though sorrowful were made happy by well-carned gifts.

I passed to the room of the Sergeant-at-Arms. It was filled with members drawing their final checks. Some drew thousands and

THE FRENCH PRESS AND PARNELL.

Blowitz Ridiculed by the Parisian Papers-The Jesuit Estates in Canada—The Pope's Arbitration—Points of His Decision.

PARIS. March 2 .- The French secular press. from the Petit Journal to the Temps (the great Protestant and Anglophile organ of France), is indignant at the attitude of stolld defiance assumed by the two conspirators in the anti-Parnell campaign-the Times and the Tory-Unionists majority in Parliament. The Catholic press, led by that uncompromising advocate of Irish claims, l'Univers, triumphs in the defeat of Attorney-General Webster and his unscrupulous client, and of the fanatic and ferecious faction in Parliament and out of Parliament who were piedged to ruin Parnell and all prospects of home rule for Iroland

The notorious Chevalier de Blowitz, the Times's correspondent in Paris, is out with a studid apology for his journal. But M. Nemours-Godre, the eloquent and indefatigable defender of the Irish cause, is out in the last number of Univers, and deals out to the foolhardy Blowitz a castigation he is not likely

"The Chevalier Blowitz." he says. "In a letter addressed from Paris to the Times, comes today upon the scene to bolster up the reputation of the Times for honesty. This special pleading pro domo may be summed up in a few lines. M. de Blowitz does not believe that the Times ever announced, on the eve of the appointment of the Parnell Commission, the positive pledge to disappear if the letters attributed to Mr. Parnell were proved to be forged. Now, we. as well as Le Temps, published this declaration. We still believe, in spite of M. de Blowitz's donial, that the Times did make use of this proud language, which so embarrasses it

these two noble bodies of secular priests, the Seminary of Quebec and the Seminary of Saint Sulvice, have borne, single handed and without aid from outsiders, the enormous burden of creating, equipping, and maintaining the university and its succursal.

But collaterally with the claim to the entire property of the Jesuit estates and their revenues, the Jesuits of Canada also demanded the privilege of conferring academical degrees, thus rendering nugatory the privilege conferred on Laval University both by the Queen's charter and by the buil of Plus IX.

This demand Loo XIII, has peremptorily requested. Moreover, grateful for the innumerable sacrifices made for education by the Seminary of Quebec, and in acknowledgment of the splendid sarvices rendered to the cause of the highest science by Laval University, the offshoot and creation of the seminary, the Holy Father is to issue a brief in favor of the university confirming all its privileges and extolling its merits.

Thus happily ends a vexed chapter in the intellectual history of modern Canada. The Premier, M. Mercier, had gone himself to Rome to lay the whole case before the tribunal of the Sovereign Pontiff. He has now the satisfaction of seeing the end of a controversy out of which there seemed no reneated issue.

One last item should be here mentioned. The Laval University cost the devoted priests of the Seminary of Quebec a veary sum of \$14,000 in excess of their receipts. Leo XIII. in spite of the many claims upon the crippled resources of his treasury, has found means of late to come generously to the aid of the institution. The sum of \$140,000 now allotted to the seminary will enable its directors to continue their glorious educational labors.

Thus, on the shores of the St. Lawronce, as on those of the Potemac, in Quebec and Montreal, as in Washington, is Leo XIII. the premoter of the highest education.

THE OPERA BALL IN PARIS.

What Constitutes Sufficient Peminine Modesty for the Occasion-Paid Dancers Do Most of the Dancing-Grand Dames Not So Numerous There as is Supposed, From the Chicago Berald,

to disappear if the letters attributed to Mr. Parmell were greed to be forget a few forces of the record in created the letter of the record in the record in the record in the study of the time of the record in t

seappeesed in France by the civil power. As is mission transported that this firm of the control of the mission of the control of the mission of the control of the control

PORMS WORTH READING.

The New Jerusalem, From the Hoston Globe.

Where is the spirits home where shine its portals?
And has it ever yet been seen by mertals?
Where is that place called heaven, where the yearning
Of bruised and bleeding hearts is ever turning?

Is there some grand aroad is unexplored. Where uniold glories for the soul are stored? Where uniold glories for the soul are stored? Or have men sought in vann with straining vision at last to view those wondrous scenes siysian? Have they explored the realm of stars and sun, yet overlooked the simple words or one. Whose cachings are as clear as morning light. That rolls away the curtains of the night?

"The Kingdom is within" the souls of men;
there shall the dwell when he shall come again.
Within that sorine when he shall come again.
Within that sorine where dwell are consciousness.
Where dwells the power to correct to fore and bless.
There six is the New Jerusalem entartined.
The Hoy Flace. When from the inner mind
All will, false, and hour are cash away,
There, in their stead, are born in bright array
The int Featturies and Love Diving.
Whose glow doin from that city's portals shine.

Then know, oh, Man: the New Jerusalem, Whose walls are gold, where every gate a gem. Will not appear to the value of the state of t EMILE PICERARDE.

Pron the Nebrasea State Journal.

Excet the song of the thrush at dawning,
When the grass lies wet with spangied dow.

Sweet the sound of the brinck a low winsper.
Mid recas and rushes wandering through;
Clear and pure is the west winds murmur.

That crooms in the branches all day long:
But the songs unsung are the sweetest music.

And the dreams that die are the soul of song.

The fairest hope is the one which faded, The brightest leaf with leaf that fell; The song that teaped from the lips of sirebs libes away in an old sea sire). Far to the brightest with season of the source switch flight like a swantow goes. For the note shirely is the bright east carol And the bud unblown is the reddest rose.

Deepest thoughts are the ones unspoken. That only the neart sense, internal, heard. Most great joys bring a touch of stience, threatest grief is in unshed tears. What we hear is the livetest colo. A song dice out, but a dream lives on: The rone-resulting of the farming Are impering yet in a distant dawn.

Somewhere, dun in the days to follow,
And far away in the life to be,
Passing sweet, is a song of gladness.
The spirit chant of the soul set free.
Chords unlocated are the oten we wait for.
That never rise from the harp unstrung.
We turn our steps to the years beyond us,
And listen still for the rongs unsting.

From Good Housekeeping

The lass who goes to college, yet who knows just what With vegetable marrows and with cocky-locky too, Who can muse on the digamma, or sus spletturities, Yet never be unmindful that the porridge pot is on,

The girl was a us in puddings and in ples and politics. Who can compound a gravy, or confound church here who can esuppoind a gravy, or confound church here-tics.

Talk right feelingly of Hegel, or knowingly of Kant,
And yet be with her cookery book as deeply conversant: The maiden who can charm you with Each or Mendels-

sonn.

Knows when the moon's in apogee, can quote Anacreon, And yet can boil potatoes, knows when a turnip's done, can mould the restful doughnut and the festive currant bun.

And she, the best and dearest, whose native common Eschewith ice-cream biandishments, the caramel's expense.
Who quoteth Dio Lewis goeth early to her bed, and riself in the morning with a clear and cheerful head. G. INGLIS.

Isabel Irving of Daly's.

Prom the Cast Noir.

Luscious, wide-eyed girl of a cream rose fineness, Where in the garden grow that clean divineness. That blooms like a flower of snow on your soft round shoulders.

And lifts up the languishing flame from the heart as it smoulders.

Sar if the warm, moist light your mouth discloses was blown by a golden breeze from the dew on the roses. For I'm looking for the peerless balm that will make To sell it in pots to the dust-colored blots on Bohemia.

Miznah!

Prom Lippincott's Magaztne I kissed your lips and held your hands, And said farewell, and went away, Wei knowing that another day. Would speed you forth to other lands, and down the summer-scented street I heard your choing voice tepeat. The Hebrew motto, quaint and sweet:

"Migpah."

A thousand miles between us lay When autumn passed, in hingering flight, And dreuched with Fragrant dew at night. The woodland fires he lit by day. But all the golden distance through, From you to me and me to you Went out the tender prayer and true: Mizpah.

The winter night falls cold and bleak;
I sit, in saddened mood, slone.
And listen to the wind's low moan,
And hide a fear I dare notepeak.
For you are far, so far away.
And younger lips have turned to clay;
Dear love! I remain while I pray,
Migpah.

But spring shall blossom up the plain, And Easter lilles scent the air. And song birds fird everywhers. And heart and hope grow glad again. Yet still my nirhtly prayer shall be, Though swallows tund or swallows fee, Until my love come back to me, Mispah!

And when, with flowers of June, you come, And face to face again we stand. And heart to heart and hand to hand. O love! within the one dear home: We shall not need to saw sgaln. In wanter's snow or summer's rain. Till death shall come to part us twaln: Mirpah! Hower Gar

HONER GREENE, The Nightingale's Song. From the Literary World.

And I cried: "O nightingale: tell me true, Is your music rapture or weeping! And why do you sing the whole night through, When the rest of the world is sleeping!" Then it finted: "By notes are of love's pure strain, And could there be descant fitter? For why do yousever foy and pain. Since love is both aweet and bitter?

"My song now walls of the sight, the tears.
The absence that makes love languish:
Then turills with its attering hopes and fears,
its rapture, again its anguish.

"And why should my notes be hushed at night!
Why sing in the sunlight only!
Love loves when "the dark, as when "tis bright,
Nor ceaseth because "tis lonely."

A Dutch Lullaby. From the Chicago Daily News.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shee:
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dee;
Where are you going, and what do you wish?
The old moon asked the three.
We have some to isin for the herring flab
Thut live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of sliver and gold have we."
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song.
As they rocked in the wooden shoe. As they rucked in the wooden sloe.

As they rucked in the wooden sloe.

The little stars were the herring fish.

That lived in the beautiful sea!

New cast your nets wherever you wish.

But hever afeard are we!

So cried the stars to the fishermen three.

Blunken.

All night long their nets they threw.
For the fish in the twinkling feam:
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the their men house.
Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed.
As It is could not be. As if it could not be: not some folk thought 'twas a dream they dreamed, Of eading that beautiful sea: But I shall name you the nahermen three: Wynken, Blynken, And Nocl.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes.
And Nod is a little head.
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's troudle head.
Bo shut your eyes white mother sings
Of wonderful sloths that be,
And you shall see the heautiful things
Asyon rock on the misty see.
Where the old shoe rocked the flattermen three,
Tynken. And Nod.

EUGENE PALL The Question Whither,

From the Botton Franscript.
When we have thrown off this old suit. So much in need of mending. To sink smong the naked mule, is that think you our ending? We follow many, more we load. And you who sadly turf is. Believe not that all living seed Must flower above the surface.

Sensation is a gracious gift.

But were it cramped to station. The prayer to have it cast adrift.
Would spout from all assumption.
Knough it we have winked to sun, if ave speciate plough a senson.
There is a soil for later done.
Endureth fixed as reason.

Then let our trust be firm in good,
Though we be of the fashing.
Our questions are a mortal brood,
Our work is averlasting.
We chiefren of beneficence
Are in its being sharers,
And whither valuer sounds than whence
For word with such wayfarers.
Google Manny

J. Mile

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Murders Planned, and Unpremeditated. It is an old saving in the detective service that the man who plans murder is sure to be caught. The records of crime prove the truth of the saying. In almost every instance the murderer who escapes arrest had no thought of murder ten minutes before he committed the crime. He acted on an impulse born of sudden passion, and had only to turn his back on his victim to get safely away. The mysterious murders are the unpremeditated. They are mysterious because there were no witnesses, and because the murderer left nothing behind. The detective assigned to one of these mysteries perceives from the start that he must depend almost entirely on luck and accident. The case of the Chicago millionaire. Snell, proves the point. He was murdered offhand in his own house by a burglar, whose operations he had interrupted. The murderer seems to have departed from earth. Rewards aggregating an enormous sum have been of-fered, and thousands of officers have been on the lookout for months, but the supposed murderer is still at large. Had he planned to murder Snell he would have been under arrest within a week. In that case he would have left clues and loopholes. He would not have fled, or, in fleeing, he would have left traces.

The first murder case I ever had, twenty-six years ago, had its parallel last winter. The two cases might be called twins. My case occurred in Rhode Island. The parallel is the Latimer case, at Jackson, Mich. One winter morning. away back in the sixties, I left the Providence train at a village about thirty miles away to look for a man for whom I had a warrant for grand largeny. In walking from the depot to the hotel I came across a group of women at the gate of a fine old mansion which stood back several rods from the street. They were nervous and fearful. The house was the residence of a Mrs. Brush and her son, she a widow 60 years of age, and he a young man of 22. The hour was 11 o'clock, and they were alarmed because there was no stir about the house. It was known that the son, James, had gone to Providence the evening before, but the mother was an early riser, and the house should have been open by 7 o'clock. The milkman had been there, as also the butcher boy and a laborer, but their knocks had been unanswered. The neighbors had at last come to have a dreadful suspicion, and a constable had already been sent for to make an investigation.

It was in my line to be interested and to remain. When the constable came we found hat we had met before, and he asked me as a favor to assist him. He was nervous and excited, and we both had the same feeling before the house was entered. I would have bet my life that the old woman was dead, and be was just as sure. We knocked at the kitchen door until any living person would have been aroused, and then we broke it open and entered. Everything in the kitchen was in order. and the same was true of the sitting room and parlor. Mother and son occupied rooms up stairs. One of the women piloted us directly to her room. She lay on the floor in her night clothes in a pool of blood, stabbed in five places. Foul murder had been done. The first thing was to send for the Coroner, the next to turn everybody out doors. The murdered woman had relatives in the town, and as soon as they got the news and reached the spot I was engaged to take charge of the case. I telegraphed to my chief at Providence and was told to go ahead, and half an hour later I was at work. Before any persons were admitted I took the Coroner and constable through the house to look for clues.

and here is what I found: 1. The key of the back door was missing. There was a heavy bolt on the inside, but the bolt was not sprung. Therefore some one had pasced out by this door and locked it from the outside.

2. There was a stand in the kitchen, and on this stand a pitcher of water and a washbowl, while a roller towel hung near by. There were damp spots on this towel. The pitcher was on the floor, half its contents gone, while a gill of blood-stained water remained in the bowl. Conclusion: the murderer had washed his hands here.

3. A hall ran through the house up-stairs. At the rear end of this hall was a window, and beginning two feet below the sill was the long sloping roof of the kitchen and woodshed. The lower sash was raised. The sash had been fastened with nails. These nails had

a blind, but had blundered.

4. The bureau in the old lady's room had been overhanded, an if in search of plunder here. Overhanded, an if in search of plunder had been deven a novice could see the discovering the search of the search as the could have the the search of the search as the could have the the search of the search of plunder had been deven here the search of the sea

When I entered the vilinge, situated among the hills of New York, at 10 o'clock in the morning, all was peaceful and serene, and the pocket of every man who walked the streets had chink in it. When I left, at 4 P. M., an excited mob had possession of the main, street, and every other man was dead broke.

About noon a man arrived from the north i'a buggy. He said he was a drover, and looking for hogs. He bought half a dozen before be ate dinner, and it was astonishing how closely he guessed at their live weight. He was within two pounds on four of them, and only half a pound more on the others. These had been an attraction for a crowd of idlers, and the general verdict was that the drover was as sharp eral verifict was that the drover was assnarp as a barber's razor. Soon after dinner a farmer-looking boy drove a hog into town, and staked him out in front of the tavern. As he wanted to sell and the drover wanted to buy, they soon came together. "Might take him on a pinch, but he's only a nubbins," said the drover as he sized the porker up.

nubbins, said the that pig goes over 200 pounds! Why, that pig goes over 200 pounds! exclaimed the owner.

"Can't stuff me, boy. I've been in the busi-

"Can't stuff me, boy. I've been in the business twenty years."
"No one wants to stuff. That 'ere hog goes to 240."
"He does, ch? Wish your father had come in. I'd like to made a bet with him. Boy, you ought to have better judgment. That hog won't pull down 180."
"Guess you are off, too," remarked a stranger who had quietly driven up in a buggy. "I've raised hogs all my life, and that boy hain't five pounds out of his guess."
"Ain't he? Raised hogs, have you? Ever raise any money?"

raise any money?" "Ferhaps you'd like to bet on that hog?"
Perhaps."

had been fastened with nalls. These nalls had been pulled out. I found one of them on the floor, close to the baseboard. They could only have been pulled from the inside. The sash bore no marks of violence. There was snow on the roof and it showed no tracks. Conclusion: the murderer had raised this window as a blind, but had blundered.

4. The bureau in the old lady's room had been overhauled, as if in search of plunder. Here and there an article showed a blood taken the farmer boy managed to fish up about a hundred dollars from the hind pocket of his overalls. The exitizens stuck by the drover, having aboundant proofs of his judgment, and when every man in that town who had a loose dollar or could borrow one had made his bet the hog was driven to the scales and weighed.